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Paris, Maine, Tuesday, September 9, 1845.

Old Series, No. 28, Vol. 14.

## OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. Gilfillan,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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POPULAR TALES.

WINNING OR LOSING A HUSBAND:  
OR,  
THE DANGERS OF SUBTERFUGE.

BY MRS. H. MUZZEY.

One evening about twilight, two young ladies were seated in an upper room of a handsome house, engaged in looking over some beautiful engravings, done from designs by our celebrated artist C.—A little girl about nine years old was practising her dancing steps, and every now and then left off to peep over her sister's shoulder at the prints, and express her childish delight at their beauty. It would have been difficult to say which of the two younger ladies possessed the greater share of personal beauty, but though the countenance of Clara Weston, the elder of the two, by at least a year, wore that sparkling expression, if we may so call it, which attracts instant admiration, that of her companion, whom she addressed as Catharine Grant, was as remarkable for its look of extreme candor and placid sweetness.

"Come Kate," said Miss Weston, "I am almost tired of looking at these prints, though they are so fine. Is it not time to go down stairs? Let me first take a look at my hair," she added running to the mirror.

There was a ring at the street door.

"Look out of the window, Fanny, and see who it is," she said to the little girl.

"Oh! sister," replied Fanny, after taking the peep, "it is Mr. Manley."

"Run down then, quickly, before Jane opens the door, and tell her to say we are out—out for the evening remember!"

Miss Grant looked surprised.

"Why, Clara," she said, reprovingly, "why have you done this?"

"Because we don't want Mr. Manley this evening. Did I not promise Howard that we would spend this evening, practising duets with him; you and I by turns? Manley would be in the way."

"I know at least," replied her friend, "that it is very wrong to teach your sister and your servant to tell a deliberate falsehood! Fanny has learned a lesson which she will remember, and probably practice, and as for Jane——"

"Nonsense Catharine," interrupted Clara; "what a fuss about a little white lie, or fib; it is only for the sake of convenience. I would be as unwilling to tell an untruth which could injure any one as yourself."

"Mr. Manley's feelings would be injured, I fancy, if I knew of this," replied Catharine; "but it is of the injury to your own morals, and those of your little sister, and—but I see you are offended, so I will say no more."

"Oh! you have said enough, dear Catharine, to make me quite ashamed for this time; but I fancy you are a little—a very little—raxed at not seeing Mr. Manley, which makes you now so unusually severe."

The young lady was interrupted by the entrance of Fanny, who had staid much longer than was necessary to deliver her message to the servant.

"Oh! sister," she exclaimed, I made such a mistake! I hardly dared come up stairs! It was Mr. Howard who rang; but just as Jane spoke, Mr. Manley, too, came up the steps—I'm sure he looked—Mr. Howard—looked more like Mr. Manley than he ever did before; or I should not have made such a blunder."

"This is too bad," exclaimed Miss Weston; too bad! when Howard knew that I expected him, to say that I was not at home! What shall I do?" and she looked at her companion as if for comfort or assistance.

"I, too, expected Mr. Manley," said Catharine, "I answer, to her look; but I had no time to tell you, before you sent the message—and Mr. Manley's engagement at this hour was not true; he said he would call at seven, and if I was engaged at that time, he would come at eight o'clock; as he returned from calling on a friend; he is to take letters for me to my friends at B——; he sets out to-morrow, and he will doubtless call again for the letters—so, Clara, although your hasty message was a little selfish, it will not disappoint my wishes of seeing Mr. Manley this evening. But as Fanny's mistake had led you into an involuntary rudeness to Mr. Howard, I am sorry that it occurred. Now do, dear Clara, leave off the habit you have of saying anything, or causing others to do so, just for the sake of convenience, as you call it. This little affair may have no serious consequence; but the habit, if indulged in, may cause you much trouble, and the practice of telling falsehoods certainly debases the mind."

"Stop! stop! Catharine Grant," interrupted her friend, "you are becoming too serious, and too much like a lecturer. I respect the truth as much as you do. I have never been suspected or accused of falsehood. I do not consider such a thing as this indulging in the practice of falsehood; but I ought to have remembered that you are my guest, and that I was deviating from the

rules of politeness, by causing any visitor of yours to be denied admission. But what," she added, after a minute's silence, "what shall I do with myself this evening—how unlucky! I cannot go down stairs without betraying myself to him!"

"Oh, yes, come down, if you please and practice duets with Mr. Manley and myself," replied Catharine laughing; he will excuse the mistake for the sake of your society. But checking her merriment, she added—"But tell me, Clara, does not the vexation you now feel, convince you of the truth of my maxim? You already suffer inconvenience from this trifling deviation from strict veracity. Be warned in time!"

Clara was too much vexed to reply—they sat for a few moments in silence. The clock struck eight, and soon after the house bell rang, and Catharine hastened to descend the stairs lest Mr. Manley should again be denied entrance.

"I am glad you've come down, Miss," exclaimed Jane, when Miss Grant desired her to admit Mr. Manley, or any one who inquired for her.—"I'm tired of telling stories for young ladies. I think working for them and waiting on them is enough, without that!"

And how did Mr. Walter Howard bear the disappointment when told that Miss Weston, with whom he was engaged to spend the evening, by her own invitation, was not at home? He felt as young people generally feel such disappointments, perhaps rather more deeply—for Miss Weston's beauty and vivacity had made an impression on his heart and fancy; her musical talents, too, had aided not a little in enslaving him, for he was passionately fond of music, in which he himself excelled. He turned away from Mr. Weston's door vexed and mortified; but happening to recollect that an invalid friend of his was just at that time confined to his room in the house opposite that where resided his beautiful Clara, he determined to make him a visit, for in the present state of his feelings, the society of those who were gay and happy would have been irksome. So he went up stairs to his friend's room, and as it was a front room, seated himself at a window where he could at least see the house, which ought he thought at that moment to have contained both his enchantress and himself.

"How is this!—lights in the parlor down stairs—lights in the room above!—and every body gone out! Old Mr. Weston he knew was in the country, and Clara had no mother—no grown up sisters. Miss Grant was from home with Clara, for the servant had said 'the ladies had gone out for the evening.' This is odd," thought Howard. The shutters are not closed in the room above stairs! A female figure appears at one of the windows. 'There is no mistake!' it is Clara Weston! The servant had told an untruth. She was at home.

Howard talked, he knew not what, to his sick friend, and kept his eyes on the window opposite. Presently a gentleman rang the bell; he was admitted—the light of a lamp before the house had shown him that the gentleman was Mr. Manley. Still Howard kept his seat and his senses too; which, as he was a lover, is saying much for his self-command. Again the female figure appears before the window, and now it is enveloped in a shawl, and wears the bonnet which so well becomes the charming face of Clara Weston.

"What can all this mean?" matters Howard, while his eyes remained fixed on the house, which now appeared to him almost enchanted.—It was a corner house; from the side door, issued the figure enveloped in the shawl. She turns hastily round the corner, runs up the steps and rings the bell—that tell-tale lamp has shown the beautiful face of her lover! Bewildered, for a moment, Howard ate like, one struck by sudden paralysis. The next instant, jealousy whispered, "the, not at home," was that meant for me only? Manley is there, and she has chosen to tell a deliberate falsehood! Fanny has prettily practised, and to her friend called them, but as no unusual consequences to herself had ever followed these deviations from strict veracity, and as she did not know, that even in one instance, till now she had ever been suspected of resorting to falsehood 'for the sake of convenience,' she had remained perfectly easy in her mind in reference to her own conduct, and believed what was often told her, that 'she was the most charming girl in the world'—and so she was, if face, and form, voice, manner, and accomplishments were alone taken into consideration. She had a kind heart, too; she could feel for the misfortunes of others, though herself the child of prosperity. But there was a spot on the sun! A colder way at the heart of the rose?" Clara would have felt grieved, for a time at least, if she had known that her habit of causing herself to be deposed on any frivolous pretence had, more than once been the cause of disappointment and embarrassment to deserving persons, who had claims on her time, and attention; she would have been hurt if she had known that her failing to fulfil an engagement, on some false excuse, had often conveyed a pang to some hearts that loved her, and that, rather than subject herself to a slight annoyance, she had inflicted real pain on others.

Time wore away. Catharine Grant returned to her native place; she was united in marriage to Mr. Manley, who could appreciate the beauty of her character, and love her to the truth and goodness which gave to her face a beautiful expression. Catharine was happy herself, and the cause of happiness to others.

Walter Howard in the meantime, continued his revolving in his altered mind, what course he should pursue, Clara Weston, to the great astonishment of the girl who opened the door, and to the still greater astonishment of Miss Grant, entered the house, and the parlor where the latter sat with Mr. Manley, as if just returned from making a visit. Trusting that her generous high-minded friend would scorn to betray her, she suppressed her feelings of embarrassment while cordially addressing Mr. Manley and every thing was in train for a quiet evening, when Howard, who generally acted from impulse, rang at the door, was admitted, and entered the room, prepared to act in any way that circumstances might seem to warrant. Clara, on seeing him, was really glad. Howard's wrathful feelings subsided when he saw Miss Grant in the parlor, and he paid his compliments in his usual easy and elegant manner.—The relief which Clara's feelings experienced on seeing him, led to her returning his salutations in a manner more flattering than she had ever before shown towards him. She accepted him in the most friendly manner, and said, in a low tone, as an opportunity offered—

"My little sister made a great mistake in the early part of the evening; she looked out of the window and mistook you for Mr. Manley."

The look which accompanied these words conveyed their full meaning. Howard's vanity was gratified, though his reason was unconvinced—his self-love accepted the sacrifice of truth which his judgment disapproved.

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He took it for granted that none other than gentlemen could find admission into his house; and satisfied with furnishing his household with all the means of comfort and enjoyment, he interfered but little with their arrangements and pursuits.

We do not intend to say that Mr. Weston did his duty in trusting thus implicitly to the prudence of young people. Clara appeared to him always perfectly happy. He heard her praise from all tongues. Why should he be troubled about her? If he needed his advice, she would doubtless ask it. And when convinced by the arguments of his friend that her future peace and prospects might be endangered should Mr. Howard's attentions be more those of gallantry, and not prompted by any serious views of marriage, he resolved not to trouble his daughter on the subject; but to apply at once to the gentleman, 'who must of course know his own intentions,' he said. He did so in plain terms, for he was remarkable for the blunt and sincerity of his character. Howard was embarrassed, but presently rallied, and assured the old gentleman that 'a union with his heart.'

He called again the next evening, Clara was at home and glad to see him. There was company present, and no favorable opportunity offered for inquiring how she was so particularly engaged.

"This is strange, indeed," muttered Howard,

as he rushed down the steps. "She has never been 'particularly engaged' before, when I have called. This, then, is what I have to expect."

But I will see: perhaps she will offer an explanation. I will be prudent, cautious. I will restrain my hasty impulses. I will wait for the signs of the times."

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"Come Kate," said Miss Weston, "I am almost tired of looking at these prints, though they are so fine. Is it not time to go down stairs? Let me first take a look at my hair," she added, running to the mirror.

There was a ring at the street door.

"Look out of the window, Fanny, and see who it is," said to the little girl.

"Oh! sister," replied Fanny, after taking the peep, "it is Mr. Manley."

"Run down then, quickly, before Jane opens the door, and tell her to say we are out—out for the evening remember!"

Miss Grant looked surprised.

"Why, Clara," she said, reprovingly, "why have you done this?"

"Because we don't want Mr. Manley this evening. Did I not promise Howard, that we would spend this evening, practising duets with him; you and I by turns? Manley would be in the way you know."

"I know at least," replied he friend, "that it is very wrong to teach your sister and your servant to tell a deliberate falsehood! Fanny has learned a lesson which she will remember, and probably practice, and as for Jane—"

"Nonsense Catharine," interrupted Clara, "what a fuss about a little white lie, or fib: it is only for the sake of convenience. I would be unwilling to tell an untruth which could injure any one as yourself."

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"Oh! you have said enough, dear Catherine, to make me quite ashamed for this time; but I fancy you are a little—a very little—vexed at not seeing Mr. Manley, which makes you now so unusually severe."

The young lady was interrupted by the entrance of Fanny, who had staid much longer than was necessary to deliver her message to the servant.

"Oh! sister," she exclaimed, I made such a mistake! I hardly dared come up stairs! It was Mr. Howard who rang; but just as Jane spoke, Mr. Manley, too, came up the steps—I'm sure he looked like Mr. Howard—looked more like Mr. Manley than he ever did before; or I should not have made such a blunder."

"This is too bad," exclaimed Miss Weston; "but Howard knew that I expected him, to say that I was not at home! What shall I do?" and she despatched her companion as if for comfort or assistance.

"I, too, expected Mr. Manley," said Catherine, in answer, to her look; "but I had not time to tell you, before you sent the message—and Mr. Manley's engagement at this hour was not positive; he said he would call at seven, and it was engaged at that time, he would come at eight o'clock; so he returned from calling on a friend; he is to take letters for me to my friends at B.—; he sets out to-morrow, and he will doubtless call again for the letters—so, Clara, although your hasty message was a little selfish, it will not disappoint my wishes of seeing Mr. Manley this evening. But as Fanny's mistake had led you into an involuntary rudeness to Mr. Howard, I am sorry that it occurred. Now, dear Clara, leave off the habit you have of saying anything, or causing others to do so, just for the sake of convenience, as you call it. This little habit may have no serious consequence; but the habit, indulged in, may cause you much trouble and the practice of trifling falsehood certainly debases the mind!"

"Stop! stop! Catherine Grant," interrupted her friend, "you are becoming too serious, and too much like a lecturer. I respect the truth as much as you do. I have never been suspected or accused of falsehood. I do not consider such a thing as this indulging in the practice of falsehood; but I ought to have remembered that you are my guest, and that I was deviating from the

rules of politeness, by causing any visitor of yours to be denied admission. But what," she added, after a minute's silence, "what shall I do with myself this evening—how unlucky! I cannot go down stairs without betraying myself to him!"

"Oh, yes, come down, if you please and practice duets with Mr. Manley and myself," replied Catherine laughing; he will excuse the mistake for the sake of your society. But checking her merriment, she added—"But tell me, Clara, does not the vexation you now feel, convince you of the truth of my maxim? You already suffer inconvenience from this trifling deviation from strict veracity? Be warned in time!"

Clara was too much vexed to reply—they sat for a few moments in silence. The clock struck eight, and soon after the house bell rang, and Catherine hastened to descend the stairs lest Mr. Manley should again be denied entrance.

"I am glad you've come down, Miss," exclaimed Jane, when Miss Grant desired her to admit Mr. Manley, or any one who inquired for her. "I'm tired of telling stories for young ladies. I think working for them and waiting on them is enough, without that."

And how did Mr. Walter Howard bear the disappointment when told that Miss Weston, with whom he was engaged to spend the evening, by her own invitation, was not at home? He felt as young people generally feel such disappointments, perhaps rather more deeply—for Miss Weston's beauty and vivacity had made an impression on his heart and fancy; her musical talents, too, had aided a little in enslaving him, for he was passionately fond of music, in which he himself excelled. He turned away from Mr. Weston's door vexed and mortified; but happening to recollect that an invalid friend of his was just at that time confined to his room in the house opposite that where resided his beautiful Clara, he determined to make him a visit, for in the present state of his feelings, the society of those who were gay and happy would have been irksome. So he went up stairs to his friend's room, and as it was a front room, seated himself at a window where he could at least see the house which ought he thought at that moment to have contained both his enchantress and himself—How is this!—lights in the parlor down stairs; lights in the room above?—and every body gone out! Old Mr. Weston he knew was in the country, and Clara had no mother—no grown up sisters. Miss Grant was from home with Clara, for the servant had said the ladies had gone out for the evening! This is odd, thought Howard. The shutters are not closed in the room above there! A female figure appears at one of the windows. "There can be no mistake!" It is Clara Weston! The servant had then told an untruth. She was at home.

Howard talked, he knew not what, to his sick friend, and kept his eyes on the window opposite. Presently a gentleman rang the bell; he was admitted—the light of a lamp before the house had shown him that the gentleman was Mr. Manley. Still Howard kept his seat and his senses too; which, as he was a lover, is saying much for his self command. Again the female figure appears before the window, and now it is enveloped in a shawl, and wears the bonnet which so well becomes the charming face of Clara Weston.

"What can all this mean?" matters Howard, while his eyes remained fixed on the house, which now appeared to him almost enchanted—it was a corner house; from the side door, issued the figure enveloped in the shawl. She turns hastily round the corner, runs up the steps and rings the bell—that tell-tale lamp has shown him the beautiful face of her he loves! Bewildered, for a moment, Howard sat like one struck by sudden paralysis. The next instant, jealousy whispered, "she is not at home," was that meant for me only? Manley is there, and she has chosen to return. Yes yes—I see it all! He heard the message also, an: she wishes to appear consistent to his eyes, of course. So to blind him, and not lose the pleasure of his society, she has pretended to have been out, and now returns, to play off her airs of enchantment upon my unsuspecting rival! But this shall not be! I will undeceive him—I will call again also, I will disturb this agreeable *tete-a-tete*. I will find means to let her know that I have witnessed maneuvering, which ought to make a lady blush to practice!

In the meantime, while Howard was revolving in his altered mind, what course he should pursue, Clara Weston, to the great amazement of the girl who opened the door, and to the still greater astonishment of Miss Grant, entered the house, and the parlor where the latter sat with Mr. Manley, as if just returned from making a visit. Trusting that her generous high-minded friend would soon betray her, she suppressed her feelings of embarrassment while cordially addressing Mr. Manley and every thing was in train for a quiet evening, when Howard, who generally acted from impulse, rang at the door, was admitted, and entered the room, prepared to act in any way that circumstances might seem to warrant. Clara, on seeing him, was really glad—Howard's wrathful feelings subsided when he saw Miss Grant in the parlor, and he paid his compliments in his usual easy and elegant manner.—The relief which Clara's feelings experienced on seeing him, led to her returning his salutations in a manner more flattering than she had ever before shown towards him. She accosted him in the most friendly manner, and said, in a low tone, as an opportunity offered—

"My little sister made a great mistake in the early part of the evening; she looked out of the window and mistook you for Mr. Manley." The look which accompanied these words conveyed their full meaning. Howard's vanity was gratified, though his reason was unconvinced—he self-consciously accepted the sacrifice of truth, which his judgment disapproved.

"This time," he said, "I am more fortunate—I saw you return home, and hastened to avail myself of the opportunity of paying my respects where my heart always leads me!"

Clara felt humbled in spite of the admiration

which the look and tone of Howard expressed;

she saw that the manoeuvring was known to him, and she half stammered a reply that feeling disappointed and out of spirits, she did not like to

spend the evening alone." And now she felt she had confessed more than she ought to have done,

and had betrayed a preference which placed her in rather an embarrassing situation. But she rallied her spirits and console herself with the

thought that Howard could only view the whole matter in the light of a ludicrous mistake and as for the part she had played, it was only a little artifice to blind that quiet, serious Mr. Manley.

Howard glanced from the glowing face of the

beautiful Clara to the placid countenance of her less brilliant friend, who was conversing in a manner so perfectly natural and unaffected, that he could not help inquiring if Miss Grant was also

from home in the early part of the evening?

"Oh!" answered Clara, "she was with me—

Do not, Mr. Howard, say anything more about

this ridiculous affair!"

Howard bowed, smiled, and promised obedience.

There was now a secret between them, and if the knowledge that there was, did not raise

Clara Weston in the opinion of her lover, it cer-

tainly led her to adopt towards him a more de-

dential manner than he had ever hoped from the

proud belle, who claimed homage from all who

approached her.

When their visitors had left them, Clara really

dreaded the reproach she expected from her friend, but Catherine only said—

"I see how matters stand between you and Mr.

Howard, my dear Clara; let me entreat you to be careful that he never again have reason to be-

lieve that you have, in the slightest instance, de-

viated from truth. I believe your happiness may

in a great degree, depend on the opinions which

he may now form; that Mr. Howard admires you

extremely, is beyond a doubt; my dear friend,

trust him always to respect you: forgive me, Clara, if I seem obtrusive in my remarks. I

I did not know it was half as long, or any thing

about it; but people, it seems, will trouble them-

selves about such things. So if you like Clara,

and she likes you, why don't you settle the mat-

ter at once? Well, I see she will give you a di-

rect answer, if you ask her. I am told you are

in good business, I can give Clara something

handsome and leave enough for little *Fan*, too;

*she'll* be a trouble to me by and by, I suppose.—

Well, I've done my duty, at all events, so good

morning Mr. Howard. I wish you success and

all that sort of thing!"

Mr. Weston had made a great effort, and, for

him, a long speech, and his mind was easy. But

Howard was in a state of mind which was far

from being enviable. The thought of giving up

Clara was too painful to be borne; but he could

not feel perfectly assured that her love for him

was of that devoted character which alone could

satisfy his feelings. Many instances had come

under his observation of her departure from truth

—instances which, though they could involve no

serious consequences, and were trifling in them-

selves, nevertheless left a blot upon the otherwise

stainless page upon which the name of Clara was

engraved. But now deliberation was out of the

question. Howard felt that he must act. Unfor-

tunately he had sown the seed, was now about to ap-

peal. Once again when Fanny wanted the free

use of the parlor where stood the piano, she pre-

pared to tell Mr. Howard that her sister was not at home

though she was at that moment expecting him—

and Jane, who really began to like the fun, as

she called it, of seeing people go away disappo-

intioned, threw so much impertinence into her

look as she uttered the untruth, that Howard

could not help feeling sore that she had been in-

structed not to admit him. Half frantic at such

treatment, he absented himself nearly a week,

Clara was very anxiously expecting him, and

grieved that he did not come; but she heard from

her father that there had been a meeting of How-

ard's creditors, with a view to the final adjustment

of his affairs; she thought it was business kept

from her.

"And yet," she said to herself, he has never till

now allowed either business or pleasure to de-

tain him from me, and I have given up all others

for his sake."

She called Jane, and interrogated her as to

whether Mr. Howard had not called in the course

of the week, some time when she happened to be

out. Jane answered boldly in the negative, and

again Clara tried to think that he was just now

"What is all this?" he asked. "What is the matter with Clara? Why do you cry, Fanny?—Cousin can you tell me what all this means?"

"It means," said Clara, who heard the questions of her father—"It means that I am miserable—and that I deserve to be so! They have lied!" she added, pointing to Fanny and Jane, "but I taught them—they have for what reason I know not, denied Howard admittance. Oh, father!—they have done it more than once!—he is gone!—he will never come again! I shall see him no more—he despises me!"

"Pooh, pooh, child!" answered Mr. Weston, "don't take on so. Howard will come again—I'll go for him myself. He'll come again—never fear! But what did they say for? What was it about—and why do you say you taught them? You never could have done that—you know not what you say, my poor girl! But come," he added, "I must know what this means. I hate trouble, but I must know all about this!"

An explanation followed. Fanny and Jane, who were both in tears, being closely interrogated, confessed that they had several times told Mr. Howard that Miss Weston "was not at home," but as Clara had often told them to say so whenever a visitor came whom they did not wish at that time to see—and in many instances had said things not quite true, "just for convenience," they thought—at least Fanny said she thought—"it was no harm to tell him so, just for her own convenience!"

A severe reprimand from her father, and a serious lecture from her cousin, was the full punishment that Fanny received at that time. But Clara whose feelings were stung to the quick by the cold look of her relative, and by the reproachful yet pitying glance of her father, could have borne all this with patience, could she have heard the voice of Howard, assuring her that he believed her innocent of any slight towards him—that he believed "though false to others, she was true to him." But no such consolation was in store for her.

"Oh father!" she exclaimed, "if this had happened in the days of his prosperity, it would have been trifling—but now! oh, father, will you see him? Will you tell him that I am innocent of this?—that I was anxiously expecting him, and that I never slighted him in word or thought?"

"I will, Clara!" replied the old gentleman.—"I will tell him all this; but child if he knows you are in the habit of telling untruths how can I make him believe you now?"

This was too much for poor Clara. The words of her friend Catharine seemed sounding in her ears, and she wept yet more bitterly.

Mr. Weston sought Howard the next morning, he had departed in the early cars for New York. A letter was sent after him but he never received it. Before it arrived he had left in a packet for England. A letter arrived for Clara dated on the day the vessel sailed. It ran thus:

"Farewell Clara! I shall trouble you no more. Thrice have I been denied entrance when I knew you were at home. The last time I knew you had a visitor, for I had seen him enter. Clara! If I had taken warning by the first deception I knew you to practice, I should not have been subjected to this insult myself. I smiled then because my own vanity was flattered—but now, as a bankrupt and a rejected visitor, I will not be an abject lover. I go in the hope of forgetting you. Too long have I suffered the anguish of a heart that doubts, yet doubts; suspect, yet fondly loves."—Once more, farewell! May you be happier than I am!

Howard's letter put an end to all Clara's hopes and plunged her affliction. Her mortification was severe—but her contrition still more so. Clara never saw her lover again—for he never returned to America. She was roused from her state of hopeless dejection, by a visit from her friend Catharine, who poured balm into her wounded heart, while she endeavored to strengthen her resolution of making truth the standard of all her words and actions for the future. Clara has now regained her tranquility, but she has never forgotten the severe lesson she learned in her youth. Fanny has profited by the good example which is now before her,—and Jane finds that though telling fibs may be a good joke sometimes there is nothing so safe, or so satisfactory in the end, as *Truth*.

**Escape.** Two ladies from Boston, who were bathing at an inlet on Plum Island, on Monday afternoon, had a narrow escape from drowning. One of them having fallen down, the other attempted to get her upon the beach, and in the attempt both were carried out beyond their depth. The daughter of one of the ladies (Mrs. James Oakes of Boston) about thirteen years of age, who was with them, with great presence of mind, immediately put on the life preserver which she had with her, and (having practised at Braemore's baths, in Boston,) being an expert swimmer, boldly swam out to them, and succeeded in drawing them both ashore. One of the ladies who was compelled to draw through the water by the hair of the head. The ladies were so much exhausted as to require medical attendance.

[Newburyport Herald.]

**Sudden Death.** Charles Hutchings, Esq., of Penobscot, while in conversation with a gentleman at Mr. Tinker's tavern, Ellsworth, on Wednesday last, complained of feeling unwell. Before medical assistance could be had, he laid his head back on a chair and instantly expired. Mr. H. was formerly Sheriff of Hancock County, and has filled the office of State Senator, Councillor and Representative.

**A Mathematical Boy.** A private letter to a gentleman in Boston, from a friend in the interior of Vermont contains the following sentence: "Within two or three weeks I have been preparing the manuscript of an Almanac for 1846, the astronomical calculations of which were made by a boy nine and a half years old, a resident in Royalton, Vt. His name is Safford, and his knowledge of mathematics and astronomy is truly astonishing."

The Townley estate in England, for which fees are wanted, is said to be worth £4,000,000. There is a family in Maryland which traces its descent direct from the female branch of the Townley family in England.

#### ANTI-ABOLITION EXCITEMENT AT LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

Great excitement has been created at Lexington, Ky. in consequence of the publication of certain articles in an Abolition Newspaper, edited by Cassius M. Clay, and called the "True American"—said articles being deemed to be of an incendiary and dangerous character for that latitude. So dangerous were the articles considered, and so excited were the people in consequence thereof, that public meetings were called to devise means for the suppression of the publication of the paper.

The annexed account of the proceedings of the first meeting is condensed from Clay's own statement:

On the 15th inst. just before three o'clock P.M., Mr. Clay was informed that a meeting was to be held at the Court House in Lexington to take measures for the suppression of the True American. Although in ill health he determined to attend the meeting and vindicate his rights in person. About twenty persons were present, including two or three of his personal friends. With the exception of those last named he knew them all as political, and three fourths of them as personal enemies. Among the rest was Thomas F. Marshall. Only one whig was present. Two speakers proposed to dissolve the meeting, and Capt. Henry Johnson, a cotton planter, declared that although he was ever ready to act boldly upon this subject, he would not then, nor hereafter, take any action in regard to the True American, unless the Whig party also came up and incurred the same responsibility. Mr. Marshall stated that the excitement in the community had been caused by some articles in the American which were thought to be insurrectionary in their tendency. Several speakers contended that the meeting was a private one, whereupon Mr. Clay, after protesting against the wrong construction put upon the articles in question, left the house.

The result of the meeting was afterwards communicated to Clay in the following language:

LEXINGTON, 14th Aug., 1845.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, Esq.—Sir: We, the undersigned, have been appointed as a committee upon the part of a number of the respectable citizens of the city of Lexington, to correspond with you under the following resolution:

"Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to wait upon Cassius M. Clay, Editor of the True American, and request him to discontinue the publication of the paper called the True American, as its further continuance, in our judgment, is dangerous to the peace of our community, and to the safety of our homes and property."

In pursuance of the above, we hereby request you to discontinue your paper, and would seek to impress upon you the importance of your acquiescence. Your paper is agitating and exciting our community to an extent of which you can scarcely be aware. We do not approach you in the form of a threat. But we owe it to you to state, that, in our judgment, your own safety, as well as the the repose and peace of the community, are involved in your answer. We await your reply, in the hope that your own good sense and regard for the reasonable wishes of a community in which you have many connexions and friends will induce you promptly to comply with our request. We are instructed to repeat your answer to a meeting to-morrow evening, at three o'clock, and will expect it by two o'clock, P. M. to-morrow.

Respectfully, &c. R. W. DUDLEY,  
THO. H. WATERS,  
JOHN W. HUNT.

In answer to this letter, Clay sent the following, which appears to be characteristic of the man:

Sirs:—I received through the hands of Mr. Thomas H. Waters, one of your committee, a most sensible and extraordinary letter, in answer to which I regard it as my duty to make a brief statement of my plan of emancipation. Although I regard slavery as opposed to natural right, I consider it as almost universal impression is of cases whatever, as the only safeguard of my own liberty and the liberty of others. I therefore have no objection to the killing of G. M. Clay will have in the free states, in exasperating the Abolitionists and swelling their numbers, you can judge as well as I."

On Saturday, Clay, in order to allay the popular excitement against himself and paper, issued the following address:

To the Citizens of Fayette County and the City of Lexington.

As my opinion, notwithstanding my sickness, will not wait to hear my plan of emancipation, and seem determined to precipitate measures to extremity, without giving me a hearing, and they insist upon branding me as a traitor, I will read the articles from the paper—Clay's answer to the committee, and his last letter, requesting to be heard before the assembled multitude of people. Mr. Marshall introduced, with some few remarks, the report of the committee appointed by the citizens, together with the resolutions prepared. The report will knock the anticipations of the Abolitionist as flat and as dumb to this State, as the last resolution has knocked the printing press.

The last resolution is in about these words: "That the press we will stop—peaceably if we can, or, forcibly if we must." A Committee of sixty were appointed to proceed to the office to take down the press, box it up, and send it to Cincinnati.

The committee went to the office—the key was given to them—the city Marshall reported progress, that in a few hours the press, &c., would be on the cars.

The committee reported at two o'clock that the press was taken down, and pledged themselves that in a few hours it should be at the cars.

Ex-Governor McCall, alias Old Stone Hammer, addressed the vast assemblage of human beings for two hours, on the subject of abolition, and the peaceful manner in which they had conducted themselves, on this 1st day of August, which will be long remembered by Kentuckians. I leave the meeting to write these few lines.

I neglected to inform you at first, that C. M. Clay has been sick with the typhoid fever for thirty-five days and could not be personally present.

With regard to the free blacks, I would not go for forcible expulsion, but I would encourage by all the pecuniary resources that the State has to spare, a voluntary emigration to such countries and climates as nature seems particularly to have designed them.

With regard to the political equality of the blacks with the whites, I should oppose in Convention their admission to the right of suffrage. As minors, women, foreigners, denizens, and divers other classes of individuals are, in all well-regulated governments, forbidden the elective franchise, so I see no good reason why the blacks, until they become able to exercise the right to vote with proper discretion, should be admitted to the right of suffrage. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." The time might come with succeeding generations when there would be no objection on the part of the whites and none on the account of disqualification of the blacks to their being admitted to the same political platform; but let after generations act for themselves. The idea of amalgamation and paid equality is proven to be untrue and absurd.

It may be said by some, what right would a Convention have to liberate the unborn? They who ask equity, the lawyers say, themselves must do equity, and whilst the slaveholders have rights, they must remember the blacks, also have rights; and surely in the compromise which we have proposed between the slave and the slaveholder, the slaveholder has the lion's share.

We have thus, in a very rambling and feeble, unsatisfactory manner, given something of an outline of the plan which we had intended to present. It may be that my paper has not been conducted in the most pacific manner, but is there not cause for mutual reproof between myself and the public in which I am placed? And those who now most denounce me, should remember that my paper was denounced even in advance, in the full disavowal of all the incendiary purposes which my enemies now affect to impute to me. I am willing to take warning from friends or enemies for the future conduct of my paper, and whilst I am ready to restrict myself in the latitude of discussion of the question, I will never voluntarily abandon a right or yield a principle.

August 16, 1845. C. M. CLAY.

The senior editor of the Louisville Journal, who was in Lexington, wrote to his paper on the 15th as follows:

During the whole forenoon of to-day, the popular excitement was very high. Many anticipated that the meeting at P. M. would tear down the office of the True American. Clay, in anticipation of such an attempt, made his will, armed himself, and sent to his office (being too sick to sit up for any great length of time) a bed to be occupied by him during the day.

At 3 P. M. I went to the Court House and found it full. Beverly Hills was in the chair.

Mr. Waters, in behalf of the committee, reported C. M. Clay's letter, and offered a long preamble and a resolution which were read by the Hon. T. F. Marshall and unanimously adopted. The preamble was a warm ringing to Clay's handbill. The resolution was that a mass meeting of the citizens of Lexington and Fayette be held at the Court House on Monday next, at 11 o'clock, A. M. for the adoption of such measures as may be deemed expedient. The adjournment was quiet.

The meeting of Monday will be tremendous. What will do I am of course unable to say. It may magnify ultimate results, but I think the almost universal impression is that it will resolve itself into a committee for the redress of grievances, and demolish the True American office, through every body understands that the editor will live to be killed first, and that he is somewhat difficult to kill.

This is a most lamentable state of affairs.—What effect the killing of G. M. Clay will have in the free states, in exasperating the Abolitionists and swelling their numbers, you can judge as well as I."

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August 16, 1845. C. M. CLAY.

#### CONVERSATIONS ON THE TARIFF.

I spent a few days lately with a friend, who is a man of sense and worth—a thrifty, strong-minded and unlearned farmer. He said he wished me if I could, to explain to him, in plain language, all about the tariff and taxes. He remarked that he had read the newspapers and had listened to speeches upon the subject; but that they abounded in terms which were not sufficiently explained, so that he derived but little information from them. He further observed, that if I would permit him to ask questions in his own way, and would confine my answers to his questions it would be most satisfactory. I assented to his proposal; and the result of our conversation at various times, was so satisfactory to him, that at his earnest request, I offer them to the public under a hope that they may be agreeable and useful to others who are similarly situated! His questions and my answers, as nearly as I can recollect them, were as follows:

Question.—In the first place, I desire to know the meaning of the term "duties."

Answer.—It is the name of a tax which government places upon imported goods.

Question.—What is the object of this tax?

Answer.—It is two-fold—first to produce a revenue; that is, to raise a sum of money for the support of our government; and secondly, to raise a sum of money for American sugar planters, and for American manufacturers, sufficient in amount to enable men to carry on their respective operations profitably.

Question.—Is an equal tax laid upon all imported goods?

Answer.—By no means. On dye-stuffs, and many materials which are principally used by manufacturers, there is no tax at all. On very fine cloths, on very fine silk, gold chains, precious stones, and other articles of taste and luxury, the tax, at present, is very light. But heavy taxes are laid upon sugar, iron, salt, coarse cottons, woolen goods, hats, blankets, and on all other articles which are absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of civilized life. This arrangement of the tax on the different kinds and qualities of goods, is called a tariff.

Question.—What is the amount of tax collected on imported goods annually?

Answer.—It depends upon the amount which is imported. We may at present set it down, in round numbers, at twenty-five millions.

Question.—Is the whole revenue of the government derived from the tax on goods?

Answer.—Principally. There are a few millions drawn from the sale of the public lands and other sources, but not to any amount which can be important to our present investigation.

Question.—How is the tax on imported goods collected?

Answer.—The tax is laid as soon as the goods arrive, and the importer has to pay it, before the goods can be taken on shore.

Question.—Do the importers then contribute twenty-five millions a year to the support of one government?

Answer.—No, nor any part of it; they could not afford it. For instance, an importer of sugar purchases a hogshead, weighing one thousand pounds, for twenty-five dollars in the Island of Cuba. When he arrives at an American port, he is compelled to pay a tax of twenty-five dollars. Of course, if he had to bear all his capital, he would lose all his capital; for it would take all his savings to pay the tax.

Question.—How does the importer get back the money which he pays as tax?

Answer.—In the same way that he gets back the money which he paid for the sugar in the island, for freight; he adds all these items and the tax together, and cuts the sum of them cost. He then has reasonable profit, and all together he sells his price. So that, when he sells the sugar, he under the name of profit gets back the tax, with cost and other charges.

Question.—Do you, then, really think that a high tax, raises the price of goods?

Answer.—A high tax has just the same effect upon the price of goods as a high

**Question.**—What is the whole amount of taxes which are thus collected from the whole mass of consumers, for the benefit of the sugar planters and manufacturers?

**Answer.**—The amount is rapidly on the increase; it may be safely set down for the present at fifty millions of dollars. It is probably much more, but it is exceedingly difficult, perhaps impossible, to explain the exact amount.

**Question.**—Why is the precise amount of this tax unknown, whilst that paid to government is known?

**Answer.**—I have means not of ascertaining a sum which is paid to my protected class except the sugar planters. Every manufacturer is his own custom-house officer and own clerk. He collects his own tax, and being accountable for it to no one, he renders no accounts.

**Question.**—But do not those who pay know how much they pay to either?

**Answer.**—Many imported articles, as we have seen are not taxed at all; some are taxed superficially—that is, by the pound, or by the piece, or the yard: others by a per centage on the cost; and others again by an ingenious device called minimum.

So that the whole affair is so intricate and so complicated, that it is almost impossible for any one to separate the tax on any article which he purchases from the cost and charges. Indeed, he does not know the first cost, nor the charges, nor the profit; and of course he cannot probably know the amount of the tax. It is added to the rest; they all make the price that he learns and pays, and can know no more.

**Question.**—What is the amount which the sugar planter taxes the consumers of sugar, yearly under the present law?

**Answer.**—Five millions of dollars; but this tax, and all others collected by the protected classes from the consumers is rapidly on the increase.

**Question.**—How do you ascertain that the sugar planters tax the consumer five millions of dollars a year?

**Answer.**—Because we know the American sugar crop amounts to two hundred thousand bushels, there is a tax of twenty-five dollars, which makes, on the whole amount, five millions as I said.

**Question.**—Why do you say this tax of the sugar planters, as well as all manufacturers, is on the increase?

**Answer.**—Because they increase their productions.

**Question.**—Does the amount of the tax which is paid to the protected classes increase as their productions increase?

**Answer.**—Certainly: every new sugar-house and every new factory is a new custom-house with not to divide the old tax, but to lay on a new tax for its own protection.

**Question.**—Can you illustrate this statement?

**Answer.**—The sugar planters collectively now make two hundred thousand bushels, (as we have stated,) on this amount derive a revenue from the consumers by the tax of five millions of dollars a year. Presently they will make three hundred thousand bushels; then this revenue will be seven millions five hundred thousand and before very long they will make four hundred thousand, with a revenue of ten millions.

**Question.**—How do you establish that the whole amount which the sugar planter and the manufacturer tax the consumers is fifty millions of dollars?

**Answer.**—It is known that there is more than twice the amount of protected articles of home production consumed that there is imported; and the rate of tax we have seen is the same on both. So that whilst the imports produce twenty-five millions for the Government, the home raised articles produce fifty millions of dollars for the favored classes. The consumers pay twenty-five millions of dollars for the support of both.

Our next conversation was upon home consumption and a home market, which we will publish before long if this is favourably received.

[Nashville Union.]

#### THE LOSS OF THE BANGOR!

**Further particulars.** The fire broke out near the smoke-pipe, in the vicinity of the hose-pipe, and rendering it useless for the emergency. When first discovered the fire appeared little larger than a man's hand but immediately and instantaneously it spread. The course of the ship was changed and she ran into Dark Harbor, on Long Island, in the town Isleboro, where she was entirely consumed with all her freight.

Much credit is due to Lieut. Poole of the revenue service, and to the captain and owners of the schooner Pembroke, of Castine, for their worthy exertions in proceeding to the scene of destruction and rendering aid to the passengers and others. Many other citizens of Castine were only prompt with their boats and ready to render any service in their power.

The cry of distress was raised in behalf of one woman who could not make her escape. Mr. Jerome made two desperate efforts to reach her but was driven back by the suffocating smoke. She was at length rescued from her perilous situation by being drawn out from the after part of the cabin.

The progress of flames was so great, that of two boats on the deck of the steamship they were unable to launch but one of them.

It is thought that the fear of an explosion and of the effects of portions of the freight, such as spirits, oils, &c led to less exertions in saving freight than might have been effective. On opening the hatches to get at the freight, the violence of the smoke was so dense and suffocating and the fire raged with such violence, that the work was abandoned.

The Union of Saturday, in speaking of Gen. Gaines' call for militia says:

"The fact is, that Gen. Gaines has acted without orders; and he his motives as pure as they may, they cannot exempt him from the censure of the Executive. The command of the army of observation was given to Gen. Taylor, and Gen. Gaines ought never to have meddled with his command."

**Hon. Judge Story.** The Boston Courier of yesterday says,—it is with no common feeling of sorrow that we mention the fact that Judge Story was seized on Tuesday with an staggering illness.

which it is feared, may prove fatal. It, however disease can be removed by the virtue of medicine and the skill of the best medical practitioners, we have hopes that he may yet be spared many years to adorn and bless his country.

#### OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 9, 1845.

#### ELECTION RETURNS.

We have received returns from but few towns in this County. There is but a small vote in comparison with that of last year.

Anderson, Morse, Fessenden  
Paris, 277 80  
Turner, 238 165  
Buckfield, 210 44  
Woodstock, 100 5  
Oxford, 145 33

**Representative.** Horatio G. Russ, Dem. is elected from this town and Woodstock.

We are unable to state the exact state of the votes in the above towns for the Democratic ticket. They do not, we learn, run even with the vote for Governor. Some have received more and some less. Col. Anstruther is probably elected by a small majority.

#### MEXICO.—THE WAR QUESTION.

Day after day goes by, and week after week passes away, one rumor after another reaches us, and yet nothing more intelligible and conclusive as to the settlement of the War question with Mexico. The strong and sweeping predictions which have been sent abroad almost daily upon the wings of the press—and by some of the leading presses of the country—the regions of Mexico conquered, and overrun by Anglo-American troops, her great wealth despoiled, the potent influence of her religion effectually undermined, and a new chapter in the history of civilization opened, pugnac with the most memorable and important results of the present century, are as barren as they were three months ago. The danger of Gen. Taylor and his gallant little band, and the nervous apprehensions of Gen. Gaines, begin to be regarded by many intelligent men as over-wrought and too high colored—a species of sublimated moonshine,—good, perhaps, to open the eyes of the people to the weakness of our regular defences, should formidable invasion ever be attempted, but really matters of diminutive import in itself; and more than all they have claimed for it.

It is not yet quite two months since the books for subscription to the Stock of this Road were first opened. Let the same commendable zeal and effort, and the same good luck attend this great enterprise, from this time onward, that have brought it to its present point, and it will be completed, and the cars running through the road between the dwelling houses of Oxford and Stanwood, as said "Town"—thence to the west, practicable route by the dwelling houses of French Stevens to the corner or intersection of roads at the Whiting School House, so called, in said town—thence in the town road to the county road near the dwelling house of Stillman Bard in Turner.—And the undersigned pray you, after due proceedings in the premises, to view the route aforesaid, and locate and establish the same as a public county way. And as in duty bound will ever pray,

JOHN WALKER & 41 others.  
Hartford, June 30th, 1845.

#### STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners, begun and held at Paris, within and for said County of Oxford, on the first Tuesday of September, A. D. 1845.

ON the foregoing petition, Ordered, That the petitioners give notice to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners will meet at the dwelling house of Richard Hutchinson, in said Hart- ford, on the eighth day of November next, at ten o'clock A. M., when they will proceed to view the route set forth in the petition; and immediately after such view, at some convenient place in the vicinity, will give a hearing to the parties and their witnesses, by causing attested copies of said Petition, and of this Order of Notice, to be served, and posted, and, at least, thirty days before the end of October, to all persons interested, and that all persons interested, that all persons interested may appear and be heard, if they have any objection to the route, and that the petitioners may be granted a hearing, if they have any objection to the route.

Attest: J. G. COLE, Clerk.

A true copy of said Petition and Order thereto.

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**DR. JOHN D. BUZZEL  
Family Medicine****VEGETABLE BILIOUS B**

**T**HIS is sold alone in all cases of obstinate and languid, or chronic affections of the other derangements, and diseases proceeding in state of that organ; such as loss of appetite, stomach, constipation, & diarrhea, headache, fits, Dropsey, Rheumatism, Indigestion, Disease and sickness in the stomach, eruptions on the skin, and are an excellent purifier of the blood. Medicines are taken in connection with the Vegetable and animal preparations they will remove most in disease, even in cases where mercury has been administered.

**VEGETABLE BILIOUS B**

The reputation of these Pills stands unrivaled in the market, and is a valuable specific in various tertian and quartan fevers, &c.

**COUGH MIXTURE**

This medicine has been successfully used in the treatment, and is a valuable specific in various tertian and quartan fevers, &c.

**COMPOUND STRENGTH PLASTER**

All who have had the pleasure of finding it for pain or weakness in the stomach, kidneys, lungs, joints, &c., and for long, rheumatic, colds, asthma, rheumatism, &c.

**HERMORRHOIDAL O**

This medicine may be applied directly to the part affected, and will soon take away pain and stop the disease. This is the proper and only practice for more than he has never known in instance where it has been applied.

**ANTI-ACID AND CARB**

This medicine has been successfully used in the treatment, and is a valuable specific in various tertian and quartan fevers, &c.

**PREPARIION.**

This medicine has been successfully used in the treatment, and is a valuable specific in various tertian and quartan fevers, &c.

**ERUPTIONS.**

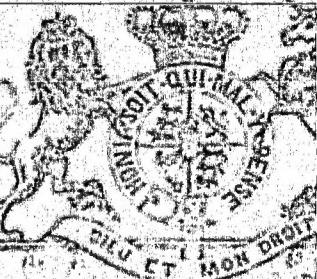
This medicine is a safe and efficacious cure of the itch and all cutaneous eruptions, and one of the most popular.

**ANTI-ERUPTIVE OR C**

A cure easily to administration of the following plasters, which are to be applied to the part affected.

**Agents—Oxford Cou**

Paris J. C. MARIE E. NEWELL, J. C. WADDELL, Newell's Sons, Paris, W. & C. BURFORD, S. BURFORD, N. BURFORD, TUNSTALL, Wm. BRIGGS, R. B. BROWN, H. COOPER, A. COOPER, Liverpool, J. C. CHASE, MESSRS. J. M. DE BOEF, HOBSON, MESSRS. J. PARSONS, REED, KIRK & CO., Wm. BETHEL, H. WARD, NEARY, N. P. B. BROWN, W. KIRKLAND, FRED. POWELL, O. B. BROWN, A. H. COOPER, C. S. PARFORD, Oct. 25.



GREAT

**ENGLISH REME**

For Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Chest.

**THE VEGETABLE PULMONARY BAL**

SAM is an old, well tried, and almost universally ap-

plied remedy. It has been extensively used for the last 15 or 20 years in almost every city and town in New England, and also very extensively in the South and West. It is recommended and prescribed by many of the most respectable physicians and surgeons, and is a very effective medicine, and an admirable specific for the cure of the above complaints ever offered to the American public.

The proprietors of this article cannot boast in the style of advertising which is often adopted by the present day. They desire to give the credit of their discovery, and the facts, and experience of the curing public. There are but individuals in New England who have not used this preparation themselves, or who have not heard well of its use. Numerous certificates from physicians and surgeons, and from the public, are to be had.

It is now manufactured in Boston, and is to be had at a dozen druggists throughout the country. Go to get the genuine. Call for it at its whole name, "Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam," and avoid "Carter's Pulmonary Balsam," and the various imitations which have sprung up in consequence of the great celebrity of the original. See that it is signed "Wm. Betzel." Prepared by H. Betzel, Wm. & C. Burford, 24 Cornhill, Boston, and sold by druggists, apothecaries, and chemists generally. Price 10 cents. 1427

THOMAS CROCKER, Agent for this place.

**LIST OF LETTERS**

REMAINING in the POST OFFICE at PARIS, ME., June 30, 1845.

Benjamin, Lieut. Sam'l. Mass. Hubbard, Henry

Court, or his heirs. Hubbard, D. S.

Bartlett, M. B. Esq. Holoke, James A.

Brown, Dr. T. II. Kinley, Azel

Brown, Dr. T. II. Levitt, Elihu

Cummings, John L. Miles, William

Davies, Joseph Marion, Miss Alziah G.

Deane, John McKenney, Henry

Delano, Miss Lucy A. Miller, Alanson

Debtis, Thomas A., Esq. Worcester, Poor, Par

Fobes, Miss Anna. Paris, Hon. V. D.

Fox, Lieut. Nathaniel, Mass. Pease, Mrs. M. A.

Gardiner, Capt. N. H. Wardwell, Ensign Joseph

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